


# RED APPLES

By F. E. HAWSON

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Red apples weighed down the branches of the old trees in the forsaken orchard, reddened the earth below them and perfumed the air with their luscious fragrance. It was professedly to gather them that Hugh Ingram had taken an early morning drive. And to add to the apparent casualness of the trip, as well as for a personal reason, he had asked Mora Everton to accompany him. Yet after filling two sacks and throwing them carelessly on the bottom of the cart he allowed the finest of the fruit to hang temptingly on the boughs ungathered. Mora, pert, picturesque, pretty, but by no means approachable, sat on a

THE OUTLAW'S RIGHT ARM DROPPED TO HIS SIDE, AND HIS RIFLE FELL.

fallen post, red apples in her lap, red apples above her head and one half eaten in her hand.

"Oh, but I'm hungry," she cried.

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CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

## A Pink Slipper Comedy

By A. M. Davies Ogden

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"and apples don't satisfy me one bit. Why did we come away without breakfast?"

"Miss Everton," said Ingram, ignoring her question, "could you never care for a country bred man?"

"Maybe—if he gave me enough to eat."

He made an impatient gesture.

"You said last night you'd never marry any one but a university graduate."

"When I said that I had just eaten a good dinner!" she laughed provokingly.

"Throw up your hands!" commanded a voice from behind the mine manager.

He wheeled around, and Mora looked up to see a roughly dressed man climbing into the cart and another covering Ingram with his rifle. As the latter hesitated about obeying the order the desperado repeated angrily:

"Throw up your hands, you fool, or I'll shoot!"

Resistance would be madness. Ingram's hands went up.

Neither of the outlaws thought the girl worth their notice, and she sat with the half eaten apple in her hand apparently stupefied, but her mind was busy. She knew, though she had not been told, that the gold from the week's clean up of the Osage mine was in the cart.

Usually it was sent to Roma for shipment to the San Francisco mint on the backs of mules, but the stage from Roma to Red Gulch had been held up a few days before, and, though the sheriff and his posse had been out daily hunting them, the outlaws were still at large, and therefore it had been deemed wise to send the gold down in such a careless manner as to put the robbers off the scent.

The whole situation mirrored itself in the young woman's brain. Mentally she saw Ingram ruined, humiliated and disgraced, and all through his love for her. For weeks she had kept him in suspense as to her feelings toward him, and now by her coquetry she had so engaged his attention as to throw him off his guard.

Softly she transferred the apple to her left hand, and her right hand went quietly to the side of her skirt, where an old pocket bulged out. For six months the city girl had been the guest of the engineer's wife, and each day she had received a lesson from Ingram in the art of shooting. She would not fall her prey in his extremity. She felt she must undo the harm she had done. The open air life in the mountains had steadied her nerves, and she felt wonderfully cool.

Quickly and deftly she drew the weapon forth and sprang to her feet. The next instant a report broke the stillness, the outlaw's right arm dropped to his side, and his rifle fell with a crash. With a couple of bounds Ingram was upon him, had thrown him to the ground and was holding him there with his knees upon his chest. Then he drew a stout cord from his pocket and bound the man's arms tightly to his sides.

His confederate had carried some of the gold into the chaparral and was back in the cart getting the remainder when he heard the report. He lifted his head quickly, and a bullet from Mora's pistol grazed his hair. Undeterred by the shot, he sprang from the cart to go to his mate's assistance, but before he could reach the gun he had put down while he was collecting the gold Ingram had seized the wounded man's rifle and covered the desperado with it. Then he ordered the man to bring him a coil of rope he would find in the cart. The man sullenly obeyed, and as the mine manager was binding his hands a shout was heard.

"Hello, Ingram! What are you up to?"

"Doing a little of your work, sheriff. I'm glad you chanced along. I hardly knew how to get these fellows into Roma."

"They're the very men we're after—Red Dick and Sandy Bill. How did you manage to catch them single handed?"

"I was not single handed. Miss Everton did most of the work."

"No, no," protested Mora, coming forward. "Mr. Ingram taught me all I know about the use of this," holding up the pistol. "The credit of the capture is due to him, my teacher and"—with a quick look at Ingram which rewarded him for all she had made him suffer—my future husband."

"Lucky man," said the gray haired sheriff, "to secure in one morning a brace of stage robbers, a charming wife and"—

"Red apples," said Mora, with a return of her mischievous playfulness. "Won't you have one, sheriff?"

**Knew Where He Was.**

Some one asked Speaker Reed how he felt while the uproar about the rules of the Fifty-first congress was going on and while the question was in doubt.

"I knew exactly what I was going to do if the house did not sustain me," he replied. "When a man has decided upon a plan of action for either contingency he has no need to be disturbed. Did you ever think what a soothing thing it is to know exactly what you are going to do if things do not go your way? You have then made yourself equal to the worst and have only to wait to find out what was ordained before the foundation of the earth."

"But how did you feel when the tumult was the highest?"

"Just as you would feel if a big creature was jumping at you and you knew just the length of the chain and were quite sure of the weapons at hand."

It was this sureness of footing which gave the iron willed man his marked serenity of temper.

## A Pink Slipper Comedy

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"But it is the footprint of an ideal," exclaimed Duverney inclusively. "Observe the dainty little toes, the fainter mark which indicates the arch, the slender grace of the whole."

Among a confused mass of footprints this one stood out clear and distinct, and Duverney was kneeling on the sand enthusiastically remarking each beauty. "Can't belong to one of the women at the chateau. Mme. la Comtesse, never; Mme. de Nevers—hum—hardly. Now, if the little American girl had arrived! But I believe she comes not until tomorrow."

"And she is from Chicago, the home of monstrous pedal extremities," said his friend lightly. Duverney smiled.

"True, it could not be she. Indeed, I doubt if this is a woman's foot at all; more likely it belongs to one of those children," indicating a group of merry youngsters playing at the water's edge. "Well, we had best be going on, too, or Marie will think us lost." Yet still he lingered. "It is a lovely foot," he declared.

"That looks more as though it might belong to your Chicago divinity," jesting Chatillon, pointing to the reproduction of a square toed monstrosity.

"The warm day must have tempted the nymphs to cool their feet," responded Duverney. "Ciel!" For as they turned the rocky projection of the little cove the two men found themselves facing a girl, a slender, brown haired girl, who gazed back at them with wide, startled eyes. Every trace of foot was carefully concealed by the white linen skirt she wore, only a small corner of forgotten silk stocking betraying that everything was not in its proper place.

"Ciel," muttered Duverney again, shocked into a sudden sense of her beauty. But the warning flash in the girl's eyes counseled prudence. She must be one of his sister's guests, he reasoned swiftly. Then he would meet her later.

It was tea time before he saw her again. The great hall of the chateau,

she upon her at an awkward moment. It was not entirely his fault. If he had arrived five minutes earlier—Her cheeks grew hot. How could she have been so foolish? But the sight of the children splashing about in the cool sunlit water had been too much for her scruples, and, besides, who would have dreamed of any Frenchman dismissing the carriage at the station to walk across the beach? As for his remarks—The smile broke into a bewitching dimple.

"I believe that I will have some tea after all," she said sedately. "Yes, and cakes, too, please. Thanks."

Duverney went to his room that night absolutely bewitched. What a girl! By breakfast time his plans were matured, but to the man's disappointment all his suggestions were negatived. She did not walk or golf or play croquet. Duverney was puzzled, and his bewilderment was deepened when, on arising unusually early a morning or two later, he caught from his window a glimpse of the girl coming briskly down the woodland path. She did care for exercise sometimes, then. Was it that she did not wish to be alone with him? He would try to discover. Accordingly at breakfast he suggested a ride on horseback. The girl hesitated, then yielded. As she ran to change into her riding habit the man smiled a little to himself. At last he must see her feet, but as she put forth her foot for him to mount he started and almost broke his guard. Instead of the small patent leather boot he had expected, on his hand rested a shoe, well enough made indeed, but clumsy and enormous. Duverney bit his lip.

"You see I uphold the traditions of Chicago," laughed the girl, trying to brave it out. But Duverney was silent.

As she dressed for dinner that night the girl was conscious of a vague dissatisfaction. After all, she need not have worn quite such awful boots. She hurried into her prettiest frock and daintiest slippers. The hall was quite empty save for Duverney, who came forward, his pocket bulging oddly.

"I—I've got to make a clean breast of it," he said. "I knew that you were playing a trick on me this afternoon, that the big footprints on the sand must belong to the children's nurse. Because—look here," and with a sudden flush he produced from his pocket the tiniest of pink slippers. "When—when I said that I had seen you before I did not mean on the beach," he confessed. "I meant a month ago at Dinard. I had to leave suddenly, but I contrived first to find out who you were and arrange to have Marie meet you. And—and I bribed the chambermaid for this," shamefacedly. "Your—your door was open one day, and I saw it."

"What?" gasped Miss Henderson, in whose mobile face varying emotions were contending. "Clothilde gave it to you? Why, she never told me—that is!"—suddenly realizing her slip. Duverney bent closer.

"She did tell you other things, then," he asserted eagerly. "What, tell me

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